



# AN ELEGY

Upon the Unfortunate Death of

## Captain William Bedloe,

Who Departed this Life, on FRIDAY the Twentieth of AUGUST. 1680.

**H**OW fickle is the State of all Mankind?  
 And how are all our Joys with Grief combin'd?  
 Scarce can one say he lives, and doth enjoy  
 The Blessings of this World, without allay,  
 But some unhappy Chance disturbs our Peace,  
 And all our Pleasures in a moment cease.  
 The truth of which, Great Captain *Bedloe's* Fate  
 Confirms more than a thousand Instances of late.  
 He who through various ways hath boldly ran,  
 Boggled at nothing cou'd be done by Man:  
 At first misguided by his Popish Zeal,  
 To serve his *Holiness* in any ill;  
 On which the Jesuits put a Gloss of good,  
 And whose Perniciousness wan't understood.  
 How eager was his bold Endeavour still,  
 By any means the Protestants to kill?  
 Until at last, being by Heav'n inspir'd,  
 He wisely from his former ills retir'd,  
 And as a Second *Saul* he fiercely strove,  
 As once his Hate, to manifest his Love  
 To's Native Country and Religion too,  
 Which former Mists wou'd never let him do;  
 And when Converted, All that e're he knew,  
 He boldly told, and nought but what was true.  
 To him our English Nation much does owe,  
 Who vent'ring all he had at one great throw,  
 Valued not his Dear Life, so he might save  
 The Kingdom's Ruine, and the King from's Grave.  
 He was the Man, who many Plots reveal'd  
 'Gainst the King's Life, which else had been conceal'd;  
 He was the Man 'Gainst Bribes so Armour proof,  
 That to be False thought no Price great enough.  
 In vain the Romish Zealots 'gainst him say,  
 That hopes of Wealth made him their Plots betray;  
 For cou'd he have been tempted by them to prove  
 False to his King, and 'gainst his Country move:

Their proffers large wou'd not have been in vain,  
 If he wou'd for some Person's sake refrain  
 To give in Evidence, but he withstood  
 All the Temptations, to a seeming Good.  
 Having at last been blest with a kind Wife,  
 The only solid Comfort of Man's Life:  
 And hoping now to live at Peace and Rest,  
 And be for ever by his Country blest;  
 Was strangely seiz'd with a dire Malady,  
 And by a strange unheard of Prophecy,  
 He fanci'd all along, that he should dye  
 By that Disease, yet then he persever'd  
 In what he had said, and not one Tittle err'd,  
 As he was then even in a dying State,  
 From what he ever did oth' Plot relate;  
 And before Witnesses at's parting Breath,  
 The Truth of's Depositions seal'd with Death:  
 Now at his Loss, let this sad Nation mourn,  
 And drop with Grief some Tears upon his Urn:  
 Let us his sudden Death justly bemoan,  
 Had he liv'd longer, he had more made known.

Dear Dr. *Oates*, I must Digression make,  
 And beg you wou'd in this great Loss partake.  
 You've lost a Friend that much did value you,  
 Because like him, all you have said is true.  
 Go on, Good Doctor, and whilst here you live,  
 And this the Nations Loss you do survive.  
 Witness the Truth, and be not you dismay'd  
 By threatening Papists, neither be afraid  
 Of Popish Plots against you, for ther's One  
 That sits upon the Bright Celestial Throne,  
 Will Guard you, and this Nation will Protect  
 From all the Plots of the Proud Romish Sect.

F I N I S. 125.